

Herald 331

Chapter 331 Visiting The Brothel (Part-1)

After finishing dinner, Alexander found himself escorted to Mikaya's room, and the very first thing that the girl said after they entered was, "Well, I hope you are ready to pay my 'just' dues, lord Pasha."

The heavy euphemism was not lost on either of them, as Alexander informed her, "Like I said yesterday, I'm going to inspect the building a bit later. And if everything goes well, it could be opened this week."

This reassurance finally abated some of the acridness in the girl's heart, as she asked with a slight sparkle in her eyes, "Then take me with you today. I too want to see the arrangements for myself."

She was particularly interested in the so-called 'wallbutt'.

This excitement in her voice was palpable, as by now her pent-up desire was close to the breaking point, and could not wait to get for the opening.

Alexander consented to this, as he suggested, "Okay, then let the night darken a bit more. And we can take Nafia and Tajia too."

The delay was of course suggested to make sure that the Queen mother and her daughter would be asleep by that point, and not cause any unforeseen inquiries.

And this was also something that Alexander wanted to confirm with Mikaya as he asked, "Oh, have you made sure that the Queen mother will not look for you during the night? Because that would be trouble."

"Yes, I have," Mikaya answered affirmatively and then delineated, "After your promise forty-eight (48) days ago," Mikaya made a point to stress just how it was taking Alexander to fulfill his promise, as she then continued, "I made sure to have Nafia and Tajia reject a number of Seelima's night visits using various excuses, such as saying I was tired, sleeping or busy painting."

"And after the first few times hearing my voice from outside the door, she stopped visiting me at night altogether. So as long as one of them stays behind it will be no problem." Mikaya stated confidently.

The act of visiting others at night was a common practice, as after sundown, even nobles would find it difficult to pass the long twelve hours, or in the case of winter, almost fifteen hours of close to total darkness, save for the soft illumination of candles.

So they would try to spend this boring time with things like reading books, which were extremely expensive to procure and were even in very short supply, pursuing hobbies like painting or writing poems, or the easier activity, which was chatting and gossiping with one's friends and family.

Alexander was impressed that Mikaya took all these prudent steps on her own initiative, and thus nodded appreciatively at her.

And then to pass the remaining time, Mikaya turned to see that a brand new stack of A3 size papers had been delivered to her desk, courtesy of Alexander.

"So, this is the paper you were talking about? It's big, and thick," Those were Mikaya's first comments as she inspected the painting paint specifically made for her, picking it up by the top edges and feeling the quality of it with her fingers.

"If my lady wishes she can try using some colors on it. See how it feels. We do have got some time in our hands," Alexander offered as he took a seat on the nearby couch and enjoyed a sip of apple juice, not feeling like having wine today.

"Then I will not be polite," Mikaya readily accepted as she fixed a paper sheet on her easel stand, took out her brush, and color palates, got some water for the paints, and started trying out this new canvas.

"It feels very nice! So smooth!" She cried out in joy as the paintbrush glided over the flat surface, and then for almost the next hour busied herself with her newfound material.

While in the meantime Alexander scribbled designs on the paper to show to Mikaya for some of his wedding invitation card designs.

Off in her own world, it was only much later that Mikaya remembered that Alexander was still there, to which she inquired, "Alex, why are you still here? We can meet up later, right?" immediately after which

she let out a cat-like sly smile and giggled, "Or could it be you are waiting for your reward? Hehehe, go on then, ask. Aunt will satisfy you." Mikaya always loved to present herself as the senior of the two.

'More like you will satisfy you,' Alexander rolled his eyes at Mikaya hungrily licking her lips, while thinking that her actual nephews might be in danger of losing their cherries to this lascivious aunt of theirs.

Alexander did not doubt Mikaya would be more than willing to have a tussle in the bed with him, or anywhere else for that matter, which he had no intention of taking part in.

"Actually I do have a commission for you," At last given the chance to speak, Alexander said, making Mikaya a bit surprised.

She had thought that was just Alexander's excuse said in front of everybody.

But it seemed she was wrong as Alexander got up, and showed the various wavy, spirally, and patterned embroidery sketches he had drawn on the paper and then spent some time explaining to her the concept of wedding cards and the decorations on them.

"Oh...that's quite nice!" Mikaya nodded appreciatively at this new concept, and then inquired, "Does my lord want me to use these designs, or can I make my own?"

'You won't make anything weird right?' Alexander's worry was flushed on his face, to which Mikaya heartily laughed, "Hahaha, I'm not that kind of a prankster, Alex. I know my limits after all."

Alexander was reassured by this, though he highly doubted the second statement, as he consented, "Then, I will have to impose on you."

"Good, then when do you want them by?" Mikaya asked.

"Hmmm," Alexander hummed in his thought and after a while decided to make Mikaya work a bit more to earn her rent.

So he said, "My lady, I have noticed you have very nice handwriting and a masterful grasp of the words. So might it be possible for you to design the cards and also write the invitation?"

"Ohh?" Mikaya was pleasantly surprised by this request, as after a moment she slyly giggled, "Hehehe, sure, but that will cost more."

"....." Alexander did not take the bait and only gave her a light smile, after which he spent a while explaining to her the types of information he wanted in his card and the layout and design of them.

In this way, soon the time for the inspection drew near, which was told to them by a knock on the door.

"Master, is it time yet?" Ophenia's expectant voice rang out from outside, to which Alexander quickly declared, "Yes, yes. Tell Hemicus to prepare the carriage. We are setting off right now."

And so Alexander soon put on a thick coat, and hurriedly met Ophenia at the front door accompanied by Mikaya and her two maids, all wrapped in head to toe with the finest wool, their hooded overcoat hiding almost everything.

Alexander had asked them to dress like this as their silver hair was too iconic, and soon they got into a large carriage and set off to inspect Ophenia's new business venture.

"Is that hair dye ready?" Alexander asked Ophenia while riding in the carriage, remembering that Ophenia had said that she had a hair dye that could color hair black and not be washed away with water, only with alcohol.

"Yes, it's in my room. I will deliver it to Lady Mikaya tomorrow. Ohh and also to her...umm. guests" Ophenia said, pausing a bit and creatively avoiding using the word maid to address the two baronesses.

An endeavor she did not need to do as Nafia corrected her with pride oozing out of her, "We are mistress's maids. Not guests."

'You sure are loyal considering what is about to happen to you,' Alexander felt the things Mikaya had said about Nafia might be true, that she might be the one most promiscuous of the three, as he then added to himself, 'Well, we will soon find out.'

Alexander kept these thoughts to himself, as he then asked Ophenia, "Have you chosen who will run the day-to-day operations of the brothel?"

Ophenia could not certainly look after the establishment 24/7, both because of her work as the Sacred Priestess and because a high-profile lady visiting such a place regularly would be too scandalous.

Even when nobles owned such properties, it was the custom to let 'the lesser folks' manage its activities.

"Yes, I have. She is waiting for master there," Ophenia answered affirmatively, adding, "She was introduced to me by mistress. Maybe master knows her? Her name is Kalopi."

"Ohh, her?" Alexander nodded as he recalled the name.

She was one of the slave women in Nestoras's mercenary group who used to work under Cambyses when she was made assistant quartermaster.

She seemed to be a woman in her early forties, and Alexander remembered she had two sons who were in the army, but other than that Alexander did not know much about her.

Alexander had always assumed her to be in Theocles's camp, as he was the real quartermaster of the group, but it would seem there was more to it than that.

Presumably, Cambyses found her trustworthy enough to recommend her for such an important post.

"Kalopi's good." Alexander gave a generic reply of approval, as he then spent the rest of the time in general, light-hearted conversations like talking about the weather until they finally arrived at their destination.

Chapter 332 Brothel Visit (Part-2)

"My lady, please" Opening the door, a guardsman offered a small wooden portable step to help Mikaya get off, and in this way, once the carriage was vacated of all the ladies, Alexander himself exited the inconspicuous wooden traveling box and looked ahead to lay his eyes on the establishment in front of him.

He could not see all the details very well in the dark, but the size and architecture was...well,

unimpressive and ordinary.

Those were the two adjectives that came to Alexander's mind as he inspected the building in front of him, chosen by Ophenia to be his arguably most dangerous business.

Of course, it had to be pointed out that the building was not shabby or anything like rundown, in fact, it was a perfectly nice-looking large house that obviously belonged to a person of quite a status, but it was also not anything head-turning like Alexander's manor or some of the other structures in the city like the Temple of Ramuh.

It just looked like a generic, posh looking three storied building, the likes of which could be found in many parts of the city.

And this was what pleased Alexander about this external appearance.

For it was exactly what he had asked Ophenia to do, make it discreet among the many rich houses so that few would look twice at it in their day-to-day.

According to Alexander, this business of his would be kept mostly hush and hush, as it was mainly designed to help Mikaya meet her urges and get her to write nice letters to her father, all so that Alexander would have a reliable partner to trade with.

And thus Alexander's goal was not to earn money from this, nor did he intend to do such for fear of drawing rich clients like nobles.

And if they somehow recognized Mikaya,...Alexander did not dare think of the shit storm that would raise.

Hence the dull, inconspicuous exterior matched Alexander's needs just fine.

A sentiment that Ophenia wanted to confirm as she asked, "Is master satisfied this the building? It's not too gaudy is it?"

But before Alexander could express his approval, a sharp, curt voice retorted, "Looks like a dump! Will anyone want to come here?"

This all too familiar voice was of Mikaya's, who, having the preferences for not the finer, but the finest things in life, thought her work abode's appearance was too beneath her.

Seeing the haughty look from the spoilt princess, Alexander could barely stop himself from clenching his teeth as he cursed, 'This girl is such a pain in my ass. I can't dump her. I can't bear with her.'

Ophenia on the other hand handled this accusation much better, by politely smiling and softly soothing the disgruntled beauty, "Lady Mikaya, I'm sorry that we had not had the time to renovate the outer walls. But I promise you that the inside will live up to your refined taste. We spent a lot of effort on that."

This seemed to placate the girl, and seizing this moment of silence, Alexander quickly diverted the group's attention as he urged, "My ladies, it's too cold outside. Let us hurry inside."

And then turned to Hemicus and instructed, "Have the men stay outside and guard all the exits and entrances. I will be fine on my own."

This command produced a slightly conflicted look on Hemicus's face, as he attempted to persuade his lord, "But, my lord, going into an unknown building all alone, that's not safe....So please allow us to accompany you."

But Alexander did not want even Hemicus to know the true purpose of this building.

Sure being around Alexander, he might be able to guess what was happening.

But Alexander did not want the man to know everything explicitly.

And so insisted, reassuring the bodyguard, "Don't worry, it is a place Tayin knows very well. And besides, I'm armed, *slink*," Alexander then showed the sword hanging by the hips by unsheathing a bit of it.

Seeing Alexander's forceful resistance, Hemicus relented, saying, "Then please take care of yourself." but then added an addendum, "And I will check on you every hour."

Alexander did not think the whole visit would take that long, and so accepted with the single-worded reply, "Sure."

And so the group of five made their way to the front door, which was opened by the two guards standing in front of the large oak door, and was then immediately greeted by a deafening, enthusiastic chorus, "My lord, welcome."

It seemed all the residents of the building were waiting by the door to greet Alexander in two rows and they fully bowed at their master's arrival, with the leader being none other than Kalopi.

Alexander lightly smiled at this reception, as he then slowly raised his right hand and said, "Haha, I'm sorry to have troubled all of you so late. Please, please rise your heads, everybody."

"No, no, my lord, coming to visit us can never be troubling us. Honored! We can only be honored!" Kalopi humbly replied back, and after a few more niceties, escorted the group to a private saloon where they were served drinks by the woman appointed in charge of the building herself.

Alexander took the served cold wine as he took the time to finally notice the changes that had occurred to the former subordinate of Cambyses.

Whereas previously Kalopi was unremarkable with gaunt cheeks, loose skin, bad teeth, and various spots on her skin, currently she appeared to have rosy cheeks, fair skin, and a heavily powdered face to hide all the imperfections, letting Alexander marvel not at her beauty, but at the transformation.

'Hmm, never trust a girl with her makeup on,' Alexander drew this thought, as he opened the conversion, "Kalopi, it is nice to see you again. How are things going?"

"Great, master, thanks to mistress Cambyses great!" The older woman did not forget to praise her benefactor as she very animatedly answered Alexander.

"Mmmm," Alexander wordlessly only hummed and as it was already deep into the night, got to the meat of the business as he asked, "So I was thinking of meeting the girls. Will that be possible?"

The reason for this impatience was because Alexander was dead tired after touring all the workshops the whole day and wished to finish the tour as soon as possible and return to his warm comfy bed in his manor.

"Of course, my lord. At once my lord," Kalopi immediately bolted straight at the request as she then strode over to open the door, and then as if summoned by magic, a group of exactly seven girls walked inside the room in unison.

It seems they were just outside. waiting for Alexander's words.

The girls were scantily clad, with clothing that would at best be considered adequate as a negligee, with all their assets laid out in display for Alexander to inspect, standing shoulder to shoulder in attention with their heads held high and hands clasped to the back.

It was a beautiful sight to behold, but the first thing that Alexander noticed was some of the girl's skin being slightly blue, likely caused by standing in the cold, almost freezing hallways in such bare clothing.

'Well it's good the room at least has heating,' Alexander could only lament that such was the value of common folk.

If Kalopi wanted she could have asked the girls to undress once inside, but such was the general worldview of the time.

Alexander decided not to heckle Kalopi with this for the time being and instead turned his focus to the fleshly delights being shown off to him, as he took some time to scan the girls and their assets.

The girls finally having had some much-needed warmth quickly had their skin return to a healthy reddish glow, while Alexander inspected the large range of options he was being offered, ranging from one short petite girl to mostly medium-built gals to two a bit busty women.

'I can see why most dictators have so-called pleasure squads. The allure is almost irresistible,' Alexander could not help but comment as he scanned the faces of the girls which ranged from being alright, to cute to one heart sharpened that Alexander found to be charming.

This procedure particularly reminded Alexander of how so many dictators even in his modern times would have scores and scores of women attending to him, ranging from the North Korean Kippumjo, or pleasure brigade, to Gaddafi's infamous Amazoness Brigade, to Fidel Castro reportedly having slept with 35,000 women.

And this was not even mentioning the exploits of ancient and medieval kings and warlords, with the most famous, or perhaps the infamous benign Gengis Khan, who violated so many women that 1 in 200 people could trace their origins back to him.

And while Alexander reviled such acts in his previous life, once presented it to him in actuality, he found the act to be very addictive.

As Alexander thought these obtuse thoughts, he noticed that all the girls were trying to flash the best smile of their life as they gazed at him, their lips curving upward almost unnaturally. Perhaps because they were trying too hard or maybe because they were afraid of offending the all-powerful person sipping wine in front of them, their smiles appeared cramped and forced, almost as if they were holding back their tears, causing Alexander to lampoon, 'It feels like I'm holding a gun to their head and forcing them to smile. I'm not that scary am I?'

But this display also made Alexander understand that with these novices, the opening might take a few more weeks. as he noted, 'Hmmm, they need more training.'

Chapter 333 Inspecting The Girls

Alexander originally had very low expectations of his new working girls as he said to himself, 'I was ready to see the only girls Ophenia had managed to scrounge together were bony, skinny cadavers. Ugly to look at and even uglier to be around.'

This was because any girl worth being called remotely beautiful would have likely either already sold herself to slavery for food, either her parents would have sold her to slavery for food, or had gotten herself captured into slavery.

While any girl from remotely a good family or those with the means would have likely left the hellhole that Zanzan had once become.

And since Alexander had strictly forbidden Ophenia from recruiting slave women into this business, and further restricted her choice by asking her to take healthy girls only eighteen and above, he had been very skeptical about the prospects of getting anyone decent to host in his brothel.

Thus he was pleasantly surprised to see there were actually seven such candidates standing in front of him.

'They are not half bad. Though their smiles could use a bit of work,' Alexander jokingly added the last comment.

"It's a pleasure to meet all of you. I'm Alexander," Alexander then gave a candid smile to the girls as he tried to relax the tense girls.

But it seemed the result was not quite what he had expected, as all seven of them simultaneously started talking in an effort to answer him, their flustered voices being mashed into a jumbled cacophony of nonsense.

"I'm..."

"We..."

"Thank.."

Alexander could make little out of the jumbled mess.

Seeing this rude behavior, Kalopi's sharp scolding pierced the void of chaotic din, as she barked, "Manners girls!"

This loud cry had its intended effect, causing all of the girls to become quiet as a church mouse, after which the madam instructed, "Now, introduce yourself one by one to the lord Pasha."

Obedying this command, the tallest in the group stepped forward, decorated with jeweled silver bracelets on her forearms and wearing a golden collar on her neck, as she bowed and said her name, while at the same time letting Alexander fully gaze at her deep, lush valley.

And this procedure was followed by the remaining six, as they all presented themselves by saying, "My lord, I am...", followed by their name.

Alexander then spent a small time asking about themselves, their families, and why they decided to join such a line of work.

And the answer varied from due to food, to earning money for their families, to 'wanting to serve the lord' for one particular woman.

This answer made Alexander look at Ophenia with a bit of a raised eyebrow as he wondered what she had told the girls to get them to join.

"Master, do you like any girls from here?" Sensing Alexander's gaze, Ophenia gave a mischievous smile, as she then suggested, " Feel free to choose any one of your likings. Or all of them if you want."

And as soon as she said so, as they had practiced for this scenario before, the girls immediately shed all their few clothes, the rustling of which drew Alexander's attention.

And as the scenery of seven young, nude girls standing in attention was at once presented to him, it caused a slight twitch to form on his lips, as he said to himself, "Tayin's handiwork no doubt."

The beautiful figures had chests that varied from small growing planes to maturing apples, to one overgrown melon, their hips curved beautifully shaped outward with fully shaved pubes.

It seemed Ophenia remembered that Alexander preferred it barren down there.

But that was not the end of the girls' showing off as soon they opened their legs a bit and used their fingers as hooks to pry open their slightly moist secret flowers, while Ophenia proudly commented, "Look, master, they are all pink and healthy. Just like you asked. So which one would you like?"

It seemed Ophenia could not wait to see Alexander take these girls right here, right now.

"*Gulp*," Alexander could only swallow an audible gulp at this point while staring at the seven holes hungrily squirming for his cock, while his pants formed a distinct tent, relaying the message his mouth seemed unable to say.

And noticing this, Ophenia decided to push her master that bit more, as she turned to the girls and breezily said, "Girls, it seems master is unsatisfied with your holes. So show the lord the other one."

This order made Alexander think, 'Are they gonna do what I think...'

But he did not get to finish that thought as it happened exactly as he suspected.

Hearing their mistress's command, the girls turned around, bent over, and used their hands to part their fleshly ass, letting Alexander fully savor seven dark puckered holes all at once, all seeming to wiggle and swerve hypnotically in front of him.

'There are fourteen holes staring back at me! All at once!' Alexander was certainly very excited by this display.

It went without saying that this was the first time he had witnessed such a sight, as his eye drank in the sight of the mysterious deep holes atop the ass and the drooling slits below, while his nose drowned in the sweet ambrosia of these eager nubile girls.

"Go on master, cop a feel. I won't bite, hehe," One of the girls, whom Alexander recognized as the first one to introduce herself, rang her voice with a giggle while wiggling her butt temptingly at Alexander.

Situated at the center of the group, she was the most endowed of the seven, possessing a fleshly butt that held an almost irresistible temptation to an ass man like Alexander.

'Hmmm, she seems different from the rest,' Alexander recalled she had introduced herself by the name Akisha and her demeanor appeared much different from the rest.

But those distinctions could wait, as Alexander could not help but take the offer and sink his palms into the fleshy rump, and he immediately reveled in the exquisite sensation, causing him to give the beautiful buttocks a couple of squeezes.

This drew lustful moans from the girl, who urged, "Ahh, yes, master. Touch my pussy and ass too."

Her pleadings were sweet as a canary and made Alexander feel soft to the bones, causing him to comment, 'Well she is certainly a professional,' while wondering if she had any prior experience.

After Alexander enjoyed the nice rear for a couple of squeezes more, he did not explore further as requested by the girl, for that was not why he came here today.

Instead, he withdrew his hand, much to Akisha's disappointment, asked them to stand up straight and then succinctly excused the girls with the words, "Okay, it was nice meeting you girls. I will come to visit you another time. Bye."

This abrupt end to the meeting, even before the festivities could commence drew a slightly awkward pause, while producing a variety of very subtle reactions in the girls, with some being relieved that they will not have to sleep with this 'scary' man, some being happy to be able to finally put on back their clothes, and some being disappointed that they could not lay with this powerful man and perhaps gain his favor.

But they all tried their best to hide these emotions as best as they could, trying to keep a charming, deferential facade as they bowed, and in unison bid their goodbye by saying, "Then master we eagerly wait for your return."

The girls then left the room in an orderly manner, and once the room was vacated, Alexander turned to Ophenia with a light smile and at first congratulated her with the words, "Tayin, I'm impressed with the girls. They are a lot better than I expected."

"Hehehe, thank you master." Ophenia lightly smiled the reply, adding, "Though they were not at all like that when I first recruited them. Back then they were almost bare skin and bones, ugly and scrawny to look at."

"And it was only after making them eat eight meals a day for the last month did they finally grow some meat on them," Ophenia informed Alexander.

'Hmmm, eating lots of small meals in short intervals is a quick way to gain weight. Wonder where she learned it from?' Alexander nodded approvingly at Ophenia.

While Mikaya exclaimed in surprise at the frequency of the meals, "Eight times a day!" looking at Ophenia in askance for a bit more explanation.

"...." But Ophenia only lightly smiled and nodded, not bothering to elaborate further.

It would only be later when she would be alone with Alexander that she would inform him that she learned the technique from the Temple of Shiva who practiced such methods to quickly improve the health of its new recruits.

And the reason why she did not say this out loud was because she did not want Mikaya to know about her connection with the Temple.

Ophenia declining to answer Mikaya produced a slightly awkward pause, one which Alexander quickly endeavored to fill as he asked, "Tayin, that girl named Akisha, she seemed different from the rest. Who is she?"

To Alexander, that girl's demeanor appeared much more refined than the rest, and her figure was well-fed and thick.

Regular peasants did not have these characteristics and Alexander suspected she was a noble.

Which could mean trouble.

Chapter 334 Akisha-Jonaki

Due to the sensitive nature of the establishment, Alexander had asked Ophenia to thoroughly vet all girls to make sure no problem would arise later.

This was also one of the reasons why he had asked her not to recruit slaves as these people's roots were difficult to trace once they were sold to the slave merchants.

"Oh, her!" Ophenia recognized the girl Alexander was talking about, as she detailed, "According to her, she was a noble's daughter some time ago."

"But something had happened to her family during the drought, causing them to fall out with Pasha Muazz. And then it seems they were subsequently killed off somehow." Ophenia very succinctly introduced her.

"Something that caused a fallout? Somehow killed? What are the specifics?" Alexander disliked ambiguous answers and thus inquired pointedly.

The last thing that he wanted was for a noble relative to come knocking at his brothel's door looking for his long-lost daughter, granddaughter, niece, or whoever.

Alexander did not need that kind of attention.

"She couldn't say." Ophenai unfortunately shook her head, relaying, "She says she was not told anything about the disagreements. And the reason she escaped the massacre was because she was away for her bliss training."

Alexander believed the first part of the claim.

Women were generally not informed of political matters, which was primarily seen as a male-dominated sector.

And besides, she was likely a child then.

What would she do knowing such things?

As for the second claim, it was Mikaya's interest that was drawn to it, for she asked Ophenia, "Oh? Can sister remember which trainer she tutored under?"

'Sister?' Alexander was a bit surprised hearing this familiar endearment out of Mikaya who usually talked to the girls using 'You' or calling directly calling them by their name as she usually saw all of them beneath her in terms of wealth, status, and even beauty.

But it seems that since Ophenia held, at least partially, the keys to her entertainment, she was willing to suck up to her.

'Ever flexible,' Alexander noted this fact to his remember, while this word also made Alexander remember her physical flexibility, and how she had done the standing splits while he first had her.

"I'm sorry, I can't recall at the moment." Ophenia again ruefully shook her head as the name seemed to have escaped her, and so she quickly offered, "Let me call and ask her."

But Alexander interjected, saying, "No need. You can do that later." and then quickly asked, "The more important question is why is she here instead of being with them? Oh, and who was her family?"

"Her family was Talukder (Vicount)..um..let's see...I believe she said her father's name was Talukder Humany." Ophenia first answered the latter part of the question after a bit of memory recall.

And then answered the former, "And according to her after her family was killed...ohh...I remember she said they were burnt in their house. And then her trainer's house seemed to have been pressured to hand her over. But before they could make their decision, she ran away from them."

"Huh, a lone girl managed to survive outside for so long as a free person? How did that happen?" Alexander, along with the others seemed to find this tall claim unbelievable.

If she was really wanted there had to be men looking for her, and being in a land ravaged by drought, how could she have gotten food and lodging without detection?

It all seemed too improbable.

As all curious gazes pointed at the Sacred Priestess, she quickly answered the group to alleviate their doubts, detailing "According to her, luckily Amenheraft's army was nearby. And so she just started marching behind them and then stayed in the camp by pretending that she was one of the slave chore girls. She did various odd jobs in the days and would sleep around the horses at night." Ophenia recounted, and then continued,

"And this went on for a year until the coup when Amenheraft returned to Zanzan to regroup. And then she somehow escaped while Amenheraft was crazily rounding up the men, causing the security around the camp to momentarily fall," Ophenia finished her speech with this.

While a bit later incredulously added, "Also by some dumb luck, she was not raped in the entire period. Even she seemed to be surprised by that. And I confirmed it."

Mikaya could not help but comment, "Well I guess miracles do happen," at the last sentence, a thought shared by all, as Akisha managing to leave unscathed under the circumstances was miraculous no doubt about it.

Even the usually skeptical Alexander found the tale incredible and though convinced for the time being, he decided he would verify the girl's claim later by himself, while saying to himself,

He did not want to have any loose threads when it came to this brothel.

And he was sure that there had to be mention of one Humany in his study if he did exist.

But he decided to put that thought on hold for the time being, for right now he decided to ask the established noble with him if she knew anything about it.

"Does the name Talukder (Vicount) Humany ring any bell?" He asked Mikaya.

But she answered negatively, "No, I don't much about anyone below Matbars (Marquis). Maybe a few famous Jamidars (Earls), but even those are a handful. Sorry,"

Alexander nodded understandingly at this, for Adhania was a huge country with probably hundreds if not thousands of various noble houses.

Who could remember them all?

The royal family had an entire ministry under it to do just that and it still found it hard to keep track of all of them.

But Mikaya was not totally useless, as she shared her own views on the story, saying, "Personally I think the girl's claim could be true. The last few years have been very chaotic for Adhania. And acts previously not thought possible like killing off entire noble houses were indeed done in this time period. Especially against small houses like Shordars (Barons) and Talukders (Vicounts)."

"Hmmm, that slimeball does seem like that kind of person," Alexander loudly commented about Pasha Muazz hearing this, though this made Ophenia mischievously retort, "But master, you killed a lot more nobles than him."

"Hahahaha," As soon as she said this, a chorus of laughter rang out from Mikaya and her maids, which was soon joined by Ophenia while Kalopi tried her hardest to stifle her laughter, while Alexander could purse his lips.

'This girl...' Alexander could only helplessly shake his head at Ophenia and soothe himself by saying that finally the genuine Ophenia was showing herself.

"Master, do you not want her?" After the light-hearted banter ended, Ophenia seriously asked.

If Alexdner did not want her, he could just say so and did not need to go through so much trouble.

'Hmmm, do I throw her out just because of some hunch?' Alexander ruminated, feeling a bit bad about throwing out the helpless orphan.

If he did do that, without any external help, she would likely be sold as a slave and then possibly end up in the same business with a much worse master.

"No, keep her if she is not a problem," Alexander thus decided, and then quickly added, "But change her name. Tell her Akisha is dead, and from now on she is Jonaki."

"That's great master." Ophenia's cheer seemed unusually enthusiastic, an action she quickly explained herself, "Actually when I was first recruiting her, she seemed reluctant. But the moment I said that she could have the chance to lay with you my lord, her attitude changed instantly. Though I later understood that she probably wishes for you to have revenge on Muazz," Ophenia added off-topic.

But then quickly returned to the reason for such an exaggerated reaction, "Anyway, she is really skilled with her mouth. And I thought it would be a shame for master to miss out on that, hehehe."

Such a simple reason made Alexander involuntarily gape a bit, as he realized that Ophenia really liked spoiling him.

But then he could not help but playfully ask, "Oh? And how do you know about that? Did you try it?"

"Hahaha, no, but the guards around here did," Ophenia readily replied, continuing, "And that's how we teach the girls here. We blindfold some off-duty men and then have the girls try their skills on them."

"I show them using a wooden dildo, while Kalopi instructs them when they are actually doing the stuff." Ophenia finished.

She, being Alexander's woman did not like to be in the same room when these things were taking place, thus leaving the job to Kalopi, who by virtue of her age alone and being a former slave had extensive experience with these matters.

And she too supported Ophenia's claim, saying, "That's right master. Among all the girls, Jonaki is on another level. She can make most of these punks spurt like a faucet with just a suck. A born whore."

Her vulgar vocabulary gave away her low origin.

But Alexander decided not to continue with this conversation as he commented, "Well, it seems the guards here living the dream. Seven literal whores hungry for their stuff."

The slight displeasure in Alexander's voice was caught on by Ophenia, who quickly said, "Don't worry master. These guards will not grow attached to the girls. Once their training is over, I will change the men with a fresh batch."

This alleviated the security concerns of Alexander, who nodded and said, "That's good."

And then finally decided to move on to the building inspection, or more specifically the wall inspection.

Chapter 335 Mikaya's Stage (Part-1)

"Okay, enough distractions," Seeing they had gone off-topic, and wasting time Alexander urged the group to refocus and then turned to Kalopi to ask, "So Kalopi, do you know the main reason why I started this business?"

"Yes. According to Lady Tayin, it was because master wanted to earn some money by using some of the high-quality slaves you were gifted by the king." She gave the official answer.

Immediately after she turned to look at Mikaya and the other two as she respectfully said, "And I presume they are these ladies. It is an honor." She slightly bowed.

They might be slaves, but they were still noble slaves.

Though it had to be noted that Kalopi was not fooled by this story spun by Ophenia.

At least not totally.

Because a few moments ago, Alexander had made the small mistake of asking Mikaya if she knew a noble Hamany and she had answered she only knew Matbars (Marquis) and above.

'What kind of slave knows the name of all such bigshots?' The clever Kalopi reasoned.

Though of course no matter how clever she could not actually discern the real reasons behind the brothel or the true identity of Mikaya.

According to her, these ladies were captured former nobles and that Alexander was punishing them by doing this, or more likely, given how chumpy he appeared to be with them, had a strange fetish of watching his women do such activities.

And while very wrong, this rhetoric suited Alexander fine, as it still meant that the woman in charge of the day-to-day of the brothel would keep her mouth shut.

In fact, knowing it was her master's secret, shameful desire, she might hide it even more for fear of exposing it and drawing his full ire.

'Well I guess you get these illnesses when you become a lord,' Kalopi tried to find a reason for this deviant behavior using her own limited knowledge.

"Yes, that's right," Alexander was pleasantly surprised by this innovative answer, sending a look of approval to Ophenia.

And then said, "Let me introduce you to them, The lady on the left, is Hiya," Alexander pointed to Nafia, and then pronounced the stage names for Mikaya and Tajia respectively, saying, "The one on the middle is Kyaya, and the maiden on the right is Zhee. They are all sisters."

Calling Tajia a maiden could be in contention to the biggest lie of the century, and those in the know had to purse their lips tight to swallow the laughter.

Alexander ignored these unprofessional actors and instead continued with his speech, now giving Kalopi some strict instructions, "You will see these ladies two to three times a week in the brothel. They will usually do their own stuff and not generally interact with you."

"But when they do, you are to do as they ask you. If they tell you to jump, you won't ask why or where. You simply jump. Clear?" Alexander pointedly asked in a sharp, serious tone, his eyes narrowing with slits.

"Perfectly master," Kalopi's answer had a little shake to it as she bowed deferentially towards him.

She had never heard Alexander speak with such authority and it made her realize messing with these three would not end well for her.

'Looks like he really has that fetish,' And this reaction made Kalopi even more convinced that Alexander very much loved these women but had a weird preference, a conclusion further reinforced when she thought back on the arrangements around the famous wall.

"Okay, you are excused. I will let Tayin show me the rest of the way," Alexander then abruptly decided to dismiss the building's caretaker, which drew a slightly shocked face from the woman in question.

And though she wanted to stay a bit longer to fish for some favor for her two sons, she cleverly understood Alexander was in a hurry and not in the mood.

"Then please take care master. And I will be available any time you require," Kalopi thus bowed to the pasha, further bowed to Mikaya and co, and then swiftly vacated the room, her long gown sashing across the carpeted floor.

And while on her way to her room, a thought that she would have described as totally absurd just some time ago now crept into her mind, for it did not seem impossibly far-fetched, and that was, 'I wonder if mistress Cambyes will ever serve here one day.'

Alexander would have laughed if he could hear that, but for now, he had better things to do, as he asked Ophenia, "Tayin, give a tour of the premises. And we can talk further as we walk."

"Is that why master sent Kalopi away? Because you did not trust her to know everything?" Ophenia cleverly asked as she got up and put on her coat.

The room had adequate heating so the group had shed those heavy garments after entering.

"Yes." Alexander simply answered as he imitated Ophenia's example, and then asked, "So how much do you trust her?"

'Since she was recommended by mistress I trust her quite a bit. At least enough to her keep eyes, and mouth shut.' Ophenia answered, and followed it up with a scary insinuation, "And besides, I heard she has two sons in the military."

'....Well at least Cambyses has a reliable helper' Alexander found Ophenia's willingness to use such methods not distasteful but admirable.

A ruler must be kind to his subjects and ruthless to his enemies, both internal and external ones.

"Is she competent?" Mikaya asked this, for she was worried that Kalopi might have been chosen due to her political reliability and not her abilities.

Mikaya did not want to see any mishap happen here.

"Don't worry, Sister Mikaya. She will not wreck your playground," Ophenia sent a fake, passive-aggressive smile at the woman, returning the favor of when Mikaya had called her sister.

She did not like having her subordinates' abilities doubted, especially by someone as snobby as Mikaya.

And she especially did not like being called sister by her.

"That's good...sister," Mikaya too returned the exact charming cod smile and further emphasized the word.

'Catfight! Catfight! Catfight!' Alexander silently cheered in his mind seeing this brutal verbal exchange.

But it appeared that the ladies chose to remain civil instead, and so Alexander decided not to poke at them.

Instead, he decided to answer Mikaya on Ophenia's behalf and alleviate some of the tension, saying, "Kalopi helped Cambyses with the supplies in my mercenary group. So she has enough skills to keep track of the books. She won't run the business down."

"And if she could keep a thousand brawny men from stealing supplies, she can keep seven harmless women from causing trouble," Alexander reassured her.

This produced a slightly relieved nod from Mikaya, while Ophenia was by this point at the door, and gestured, "Well, master let's go."

And thus Alexander exited the lavishly decorated study, which had been adorned with the usual luxuries nobles of Adhania liked to festoon their personal rooms with, frescos, mosaics, expensive bronze chandeliers, rare and expensive furniture, the whole lot and made his way to the spacious hallways.

And as soon as he stepped into it, "Hahhggg," Alexander could not help but give a shivering moan as the coldness hit his face.

He could hardly believe that such an immense temperature difference could exist between a single door.

Though even his house was like this.

This was because without electric heating, it was generally very hard to efficiently keep large open spaces like castles and manors fully climate controlled.

For to do such a thing, there had to be either some kind of heating mechanism beneath the floor, such as hot steam or smoke, or a nearby fireplace.

The former was very expensive to build and maintain, and the results would diminish when drastically applied over such a large area.

Furthermore, these heavy installments were really only feasible to be placed on the first floor.

And thus heating would not be possible on upper floors like the second floor which Alexander was currently on.

As for the latter, placing a fireplace every few meters around the entire house was just a stupid idea.

There were smoking and fire hazards, cost concerns, and most of all the issue of space.

And hence the nobles would compromise and only heat up a select few rooms that they frequented, like their study, bedroom, and dining room.

While standing in the opulent hallway, Alexander was suddenly reminded that he had forgotten to inquire about a pretty important question.

"Tayin, whose house is this?" Alexander asked Ophenia about the owner of the house she had 'annexed'.

"It was the vacation villa of Matbar (Marquis) Kyaum. I'm told that when he visited Zanzan, he used to stay here." Ophenia replied.

"Matbar (Marquis)?" Alexander raised his right eyebrow in a slight exclamation hearing this as he again looked around the surroundings to see if the building matched its owner's high status.

There were only forty-odd of such peerage in the whole of Adhania, three to four under each pasha, and Alexander was curious to see if his possessions matched his high status.

"Hmmm, the interior seems adequate," Alexander found the hallway expectedly lavishly decorated with expensive marble, embroidery, and pottery.

But then asked, "So why is the outer wall so...drab?"

Given how flashy the interior looked, he would expect its owner to make the outside even more eye-catching.

"I too asked that myself. And we found the house as is," Ophenia too shared Alexander's confusion, causing the duo to look at the expert present with them in askance.

Chapter 336 Mikaya's Stage (Part-2)

Mikaya was without a doubt the most learned among the group when it came to Adhanian nobility.

And since she claimed to know all the Matbars (Marquis) in the country, Alexander hoped she could help describe the discrepancy.

Sensing the expectant gaze Mikaya produced a very smug look, and in a patronizing tone said, "It seems my dear Alex is still lacking a bit in Adhania's custom. So let aunt fill you in."

'Sanctimonious bitch,' Ophenia could not help mutter silently looking at the silver-haired beauty.

But Mikaya pretended to not notice the cold stare directed at her as she explained,

"The reason for this is because when building any manor in your superior's territory, it is expected your house will always be...mmm...for lack of a better word shabbier."

"It's to show respect and kind of give the idea that you are poorer than your lord." Mikaya finished.

"I see. Thank you," This also helped Alexander understand much of the architecture in the western district, where there were very few ostentatious buildings, mostly belonging to the Temple of Ramuh and its higher-ups.

And they were allowed to do so because they directly served the royal family.

While they talked about these things, the group descended from the second floor to the first floor, and was then led through a small, inconspicuous remote corridor to a small door.

"Master, through here," Ophenia gestured for Alexander to go on first, but this opportunity was snatched by Mikaya who could not wait.

"Let's see!" She excitedly cried out while pushing open the door and stepping inside, eager to see her den of promised pleasure.

But the moment she saw the interior, she involuntarily let out, "So small."

For the room was about three meters in length and width, which was around the size of a typical small bedroom.

But to a princess like her, the room appeared tiny.

"My room is this? Back home my bed is bigger than this!" Mikaya exaggeratedly exclaimed.

She did not think there could be enough room in here for the scores of men Alexander had promised would violate her.

"Correction, sister. This room is all three of you," Ophenia gave a very familiar smug smile while saying this.

A smile that seemed to incense Mikaya.

"Lord Alexander, this was not the deal!" She stomped her feet while glaring at the man in charge, her formal tone of address showing off her displeasure.

Nose flared and with a slightly hysterical undertone to her voice, this was the first time Alexander had seen this ever cool and collected girl lose control of her emotions.

A testament to how much she was looking forward to it.

"My lady..." Alexander quickly attempted to placate the riled tigress, but he was swiftly cut off by Ophenia, who softly but firmly said, "I would advise lady Mikaya against jumping to conclusions before actually seeing the thing. Everything will be given to you as promised. So don't insult my master!" Ophenia had a cold, professional voice that Alexander heard for the first time.

"....." After a brief pause of staring into Ophenia's chilly, somber eyes, Mikaya uncharacteristically apologized, saying, "I seemed to have let my emotions get the better of me. I'm sorry, lady Tayin."

Ophenia produced a warm smile hearing this, and then sweetly offered, "Please let us enter then. And I will introduce to you how depraved this room can be," Ophenia enticed Mikaya as she strode in front of the group.

Alexander entered the small room last, and curiously inspected the very barren, sparsely furnished room.

It was mostly empty, with the most eye-catching feature being the large fireplace that was already roaring, while the only notable furnitures were just three small desk-sized beds situated near the left-hand side wall, and three short tables next to them with trays fully stocked with fruits and water pitchers.

It was only these, all of which were brightly illuminated by three huge chandeliers that seemed to drive away the shadow and make one feel awake just from their sheer luminosity.

"Over here please," Alexander's thoughts were interrupted by Ophenia who called out to the group from near the center small bed and then gave them some background information about the room first.

"This room was a part of the much larger outer servants' quarters. And under master's orders we heavily renovated to fit our purpose. So let me show everyone the result," She lightly smiled while saying this, and then reached her hands up to unhook the two latches on the wall atop the small bed, causing a trapdoor to open up in the middle of the wall.

Thud, the small panel softly hit the thick cement wall, as Ophenia introduced, "I'm sure everyone can guess, but this is the place where the butt goes," and then slyly suggested, "In fact, it might be easier to just show how the whole thing works. Would lady Mikaya like to try?"

Ophenia had a crafty smile on her as she asked this.

But Mikaya was way past caring, for she readily accepted.

"Sure," By the time Mikaya's answer came, she was already buck-naked, showing her snow-white skin, full perky breasts, heavenly waist, and a mature silver bush that was already glistening with dew.

It seemed she could not wait.

This kind of behavior no longer fazed Alexander, not after all that he had heard about Mikaya. And so he simply observed silence while Mikaya skipped and hopped to Ophenia and positioned herself into the wall.

She first put her body from below the waist and up to above the knees through the cut hole and put her entire weight on the thick wall, while commenting pleasantly surprised, "Oh, the walls are quite thick. There's ample space to sit. Arghh! And the edges are cushioned! That's so nice." Mikaya could not help but wiggle her butt as she made herself comfortable.

"Yes, we made sure that all the holes were lined with thick padding. Because when we first tested the wallbutt without them, the girls complained the edges dug into their flesh and it hurt," Ophenia informed the group that this mechanism had been prior tested.

"How is it mistress? How does it feel," Tajia curiously asked, wanting to know if the brand-new play promised to her was feasible?

To which the reply came, "It's very nice. My butt and pussy feels so helpless, hehe. Ahhh, I'm already drooling " Mikaya laughed with glee, her body spreading pheromones all over.

"Please stay a bit still. I have to properly fix you," Ophenia asked Mikaya to hold back her excitement a little longer while she bound Mikaya's midriff and legs with leather belts that were attached to the wall, something that Alexander's eyes had seemingly missed.

And while doing so, Ophenia explained her work, "The harnesses will help lady Mikaya stay in position and stop her from slipping out accidentally or in case of a particularly strong thrust."

"But it is also loose enough that she can withdraw her butt anytime she feels uncomfortable," Ophenia mentioned a safety feature.

Once securely positioned in place, Mikaya laid her upper body on the soft, comfortable small bed, as Ophenia told her, "Lady Mikaya can relax like that. You can also eat the fruits here," She pointed to the tray on the small table next to her, "Drink what you want, and do what you want. It's the men in the men who will do all the hard work." Ophenia lightly grinned, though she doubted Mikaya would be able to do much amidst the lustful moans and groans.

At least, that was how the girls she tested it on ended up.

But that was for future Mikaya to deal with, as Ophenia still had one last thing to show this lecherous beauty.

She pointed to a small bell on the tray and said, "Finally, if you need to tell us anything, simply ring this bell. It could be anything, from feeling uncomfortable to wanting to finish early, to simply not liking the person on the other end. Just ring the bell and we will strive to do what conveniences you the most," Ophenia solemnly declared.

And finished the demonstration by saying, "You can also ring it to use the toilet. Though if it's just urinating, you can let it out as it is. The men seemed to love it when the other girls did it in the open." She lewdly added.

"Of course. I always did it at the parties!" Ophenia's ploy to degrade Mikaya backfired spectacularly as Mikaya said such in an 'as a matter of fact' tone, causing even the veteran Ophenia to slightly twitch her lips.

Ophenia felt Mikaya's pruriency could match anyone at the Shiva temple.

Alexander marveled at the nude woman stuck into the wall, finding the real-life version of this almost fantasy play wildly arousing.

If it was not Mikaya, Alexander certainly would have taken a bite.

But it seemed that the spoiled princess was not yet satisfied.

For she complained with a longing tone, "This is good, but my mouth is free. And I want all three of my holes filled."

'Fucking nympho,' Alexander had to try very hard to stop himself from cursing this out loud as he felt there was no pleasing this girl.

And even Mikaya's attendants seemed to think that.

While Ophena gave a much more mature answer.

Chapter 337 Mikaya's Stage (Part-3)

"Lady Mikaya, such an arrangement would be difficult," Ophenia's calm reasoned voice addressed Mikaya, and explained, "Because we need to keep your face hidden, we will need to put a wall in front of you too. And when he tried to do something similar with the other girls, they all found the experience too claustrophobic as time went on."

But then quickly suggested, "Why don't you try this for the time being? And if it's not pleasurable enough, then we can find a different arrangement. Such as a small booth with holes both in the front and back."

It seemed Ophenia had experiences she had yet to share with Alexander.

This promise managed to convince Mikaya for the time being, who nodded, "I suppose."

Alexander was frankly impressed by the set up, especially the belts.

He had not thought about that detail.

"I want to see the back," Satisfied with the front facilities, Alexander then asked to be shown the place where the actual work would take place.

"At once master. This way," Ophenia immediately complied as she guided the group out of the room, with Mikaya still attached to the wall, to whom she said, "Lady Mikaya, we will be gone only a moment. If you need anything please ring the bell."

Ophenia had not offered to take her down, not that Mikaya would have gotten down anyway, and very willingly replied, "Okay. But just make sure to fuck me. I want to see how it feels."

"..." Alexander only smiled and did not say anything.

He still had not made up his mind about doing that act with Mikaya.

And so leaving Mikaya to her herself, Ophenia led the crowd out of the small room, and out of the small, narrow corridor and into the outer hall, where she again led the group through a much wider corridor on the same side, making them trek through the twisty, turny passage lighted by bright torches until they found themselves just behind Mikaya.

"That outer corridor is the one men will use to get here," Ophenia showed that the wallbutt was located deep inside the brothel and not accessible by random nobodies, thus ensuring the security of the noble ladies.

But Alexander felt Oophenia's words bounce off his ears for he was too captivated by the sight presented before him.

Mikaya's butt was sticking out from the wall just like that- white, fat, and juicy, the stainless, almost pinkish organ looked like a heavenly art piece.

The tightly closed vertical slit was honeyed with dew, but the hole above this remained hidden by her luscious cheeks, tempting all to uncover its treasures.

Gazing at the beautiful masterpiece, Alexander could fully comprehend how Mikaya was able to enthrall so many men.

This was an ass to die for, a celestial weapon that could make men feel weak in their knees.

Something even Alexander was experiencing as he moved nearer to the motionless marvel to better witness it, and found that the air around it seemed to be enveloped with a kind of sweet, flowery smell which appeared almost like an aphrodisiac to him.

'Fuck, if I don't taste this, I will regret it for the rest of my life,' One whiff of Mikaya's sex pheromones was enough to destroy Alexander's resolve about not having intercourse with her as a powerplay.

And the only thing he could think of was the overwhelming urge to violate this defenseless piece of meat and stain it in his color.

And in that endeavor, Alexander grabbed the fleshy rump using his entire palm, to which the butt reacted with a small twitch.

And when he squeezed it immediately afterward, a short, high-pitched moan erupted from the other side, "Ahh."

This song sounded like the mating call of a siren and appeared to hypnotize Alexander, for his hands felt like lead, wanting to be permanently attached to the soft pillowy butt.

One hand appeared grossly insufficient for Alexander and he fiercely grabbed the twin buttcheeks with both his hands, and then pried them open, unveiling the curtain over the puckered hole and making the flower slit below lightly bloom.

"Ahhh, so beautiful," Alexander subconsciously said it out loud, letting the musky smell of the black hole and the pink cave soothe his nose.

Though he had seen it a couple of times before, Alexander was once again reminded of how perfect a pair of holes Mikaya possessed.

Her asshole was tight and cute, with clean little wrinkles all around it like engravings by a masterful craftsman.

While her thin labia was dyed only in pink color, her clitoris was bright red like salmon roe, and the fleshy pith was a healthy crimson,

She seemed to be the epitomic physical manifestation that the nobles managed to produce through selective breeding over generations.

'Haah..., I can do whatever I want,' The realization of this power made Alexander pitch a painful tent, as he just savored the sight, feeling like he could just stare for eternity.

He would occasionally squeeze and massage the ass and spread the meat around and just loved to watch and see how the genital would change its shape, and how the hole in the middle of the ass above it would slightly quiver and twitch.

And for her part, Mikaya seemed uncharacteristically patient, letting Alexander have his time with her derriere.

She found this slow play a refreshing change from the brutal mesh of bodies she was used to, and felt in the future that this play could involve guys just licking, kissing, and sucking on the ass and pussy for hours.

Finished with just touching, Alexander deliberated on how to move next.

Preferably he would have loved to kiss and taste Mikaya, but remembering her history, he found the act a bit repulsive.

But the sheer allure of the place made Alexander soon throw these thoughts out the window.

'Ahh, what the hell! It's just an ass, not a human,' He created a flimsy excuse, and moved his lip closer to the entrance of the vagina, using both of his thumbs to pinch the labia and spread it to the sides before gently pressing his lips on the exposed vaginal opening, thus finally kissing Mikaya on her spot.

"Ohh my! Hehehe," Tajia cheered from the side seeing this, chalking this round to her mistress.

To her it seemed Alexander was finally being corrupted by Mikaya.

But Alexander was engrossed in his own world, as he simply loved the tasty juices which had a gentle but thick salty taste and said to himself, 'It's delicious,'

And so to obtain more, he quickly inserted his tongue inside and swirled it around, and felt the taste of this superb vagina spread into his mouth.

After tasting the pussy for a while, and feeling the warm, moist wall lovingly caress his tongue, Alexander finally pulled out, and decided to let his lower body in on the action.

But just as he was about to pull his trousers down, he at last remembered he had three other audience members, and so blushing a little, he said in a flustered, "Ahem, sorry I seemed to have gotten distracted."

"Hehe, no worries master. Let me get your pants," Ophenia simply giggled, and then without waiting for Alexander's permission, quickly and expertly undid his leggings, freeing the large, turgid organ.

"Ohh, it's not half bad. Right sister?" Tajia exclaimed admiringly after seeing Alexander's package, and then suggestively asked Nafia, who shyly blushed and lowered her head.

Alexander on the other hand was more interested in claiming the fertile land in front of him, as he thrustured into it without any warning, which elicited a joyous cry of pleasure from the other side, "Ahh, yes, finally, after so long."

If Mikaya could have, she would have bucked her ass through the wall to get a greater sensation.

'Aggh, she's every bit as good as I remember. Hot and soft, she sucks you in and makes you want to stay inside forever.' Alexander clenched with teeth at the sensation and stabbed inside once more, drinking in the heavenly sensation.

He felt Mikaya's wall coil around his cock and clench down on it while making peristaltic movement as she seemed determined to squeeze him dry.

And after a few thrusts, Alexander fired his first load with a powerful spurt at the deepest location.

"Arghhh, finally a man's juices," Mikaya screamed lewdly as her womb was painted by the hot liquid, as her lower half greedily sucked in the fluids, like rainfall after a long drought.

Alexander was far from satisfied after firing just one shot and began the pounding immediately, letting Mikaya cry out, "Yes! That's why I love the young ones. So virile!"

Alexander soon let out a second batch into the heavenly tunnel and then moved on to the ass, which swallowed his glans with a silent pop and made Mikaya give another moan of delight.

Mikaya's ass was also top class like her genital, and it clenched Alexander's organ tightly at the base, while the rubbery walls gently squished the head and shaft, soon making Alexander let out another load.

In this way, Alexander enjoyed the two holes a total of six times, after which he finally pulled out his by now flaccid piece, and then marveled at the thin streams of white fluid leaking out of her two holes.

And then, as if to reward Alexander for his hard work, Mikaya decided to reward Alexander with one last display.

Her lower body trembled and soon a beautiful arch of white fluids was created which came out of her urethra and fell to the cement floor with the pitter-patter of raindrops, like it was signifying the curtain music of the show.

Chapter 338 Mikaya's Thoughts On The Wall

"Did Lord Pasha enjoy himself," Tajia cheekily asked as Alexander pulled up his pants and adjusted his belt after the deed, which made the man produce a wry smile.

Currently, in his sage mode, Alexander did somewhat regret his action.

But at the time of doing it, the sight that had appeared was just too beautiful for him to not enjoy. Because it seemed that Mikaya could even pee beautifully.

Sensing her master's slightly awkward situation, Ophenia, though did not like him fraternizing with all people, Mikaya, cleverly produced a distraction.

She pointed to the floor and said, "Master, look. We have built the ground slightly angled to help drain the fluids. And we have these water buckets here to clean off any spillage."

"Ohh, that's great," Alexander exaggeratedly exclaimed to which Ophenia further added, "Yes, we took the inspiration from slaughterhouses."

"...." Tajia and Nafia silently watched this shameless way for Alexander to avoid the conversation, after which Alexander quickly urged everyone to get back to the room free Mikaya.

The demo was over.

On the way to it, Ophenia informed, "The corridor's other end leads to a small alley. So if we want to, we could let men directly from the streets directly experience the wallbutt first before entering the brothel. That could better hide this....mechanism." Ophenia struggled to describe what this novel contraption was.

"Or unfulfilled men leaving the brothel could be given the service. People like who came to get some action but could not find the right girls." Tajia very eagerly suggested an alternative strategy.

This attendant of Mikaya seemed just as vocal about such stuff as her mistress.

"...Let's leave how to manage the men doing these things to Tayin. It's her brothel after all," Alexander decided to bother this with and relegated the nitty-gritty stuff to his Sacred Priestess.

"Thank you master," Ophenia gladly accepted the task.

The group by now had reached their destination, and as Ophenia opened the small, heavy door with a creak, they were unpleasantly surprised to see that it had gained another resistant - Kalopi.

It appeared that the caretaker had entered the room in the short time it took them to finish the deed and make their way here.

"Ahh, master, I'm sinful for barging in without permission," The moment Kalopi noticed Alexander she profusely bowed, and then hastily gave her reason, "But Captain Hemicus came to me looking to check up on you. And though I said you were busy he insisted to meet you. So, I left him in my office and hurriedly came to see you."

"Ohh, so the hour was up! So soon," Alexander exclaimed at how quickly time flies as to him it felt like he had seen here for like fifteen-twenty minutes.

"Actually it has been two hours." Kalopi sheepishly corrected him, adding, "The guard captain had also come to me an hour before. But I managed to see him off by saying that master was enjoying with all your slaves. And that you had instructed me not to disturb you."

Kalopi then very suggestively looked at Mikaya hung on the wall and felt that she had hit the bullseye, to which Mikaya gave a wide shameless grin.

Mikaya did not care Kalopi saw her like this.

In fact, she would not have cared even if Alexander's entire retinue of bodyguards had seen like this.

Because that would have Alexander's problem to deal with.

"Two hours!" Alexander was surprised by this revelation and understood that he really had taken his sweet time enjoying Mikaya.

"Okay Tayin, you go and tell Hemicus that it will not be long. Just say that I'm getting a massage," Alexander thus instructed Ophenia to say the activity that was almost universally understood as adult services.

"Haha, yes master," Ophenia chuckled and accompanied by Kalopi then quickly trotted off.

As the door was slammed behind them, Alexander proceeded to detach Mikaya from the walls by himself, at which point he heard her say, "Alex, why don't you let your men in? Just you alone was not nearly enough. And also Nafia and Tajia have not had their turns yet."

"That's right, that's right. We want our turn too. And Lord Alexander might be running a bit empty down there," Tajia cheekily cheered from behind in support of her mistress.

Alexander only clenched his teeth at this while he quickly worked to undo the belts, and saying, "My men know all three of you by face, figure, and voice. What if one of them tattles to your father? Or what if they let it slip by mistake?"

These men would personally accompany Alexander to all places, letting them have ample opportunities to meet all kinds of high-level people.

How could he take the risk?

"Oh? Alex trusts his personal bodyguards only this much? They must not be very reliable then!" Mikaya taunted as her feet hit the ground, finally free of all constraints.

"Who can guard against greed?" Alexander cleverly retorted, and then with a sneer warned, "And besides, they might choose to only sell you out, not me."

"Hahaha, do you always live in such fear? I have seen your balls, Alex. They didn't seem so small!" Mikaya simply brushed off these worries and then attempted to bruise Alexander's ego in an effort to have him order the men to 'punish' her.

But Alexander did not bite.

Instead, he himself bruised him even more, saying, "If I get caught by your father, I will have no balls. Small balls is better than no balls."

"Hahahaha," This made all three of the ladies have a hearty laugh, with Mikaya even rubbing a bit of tear from her eyes.

"Alex, when I first you, I was very dismissive of you. But over the last nearly two months, I must say that I have grown to like some bits of you," Mikaya frankly admitted as she got dressed and put on her overcoat.

Alexander was charming, capable, and witty.

Mikaya certainly found certain parts of him attractive.

"Thank you. And I too have grown to like certain parts about you Lady Mikaya. Like your painting and poker skills." Alexander reciprocated some of the sentiment.

"But you see me as a slut right?" Mikaya asked with a smirk while taking a bite of an apple.

"The feeling has only been reinforced over the last two months," Alexander cynically replied with the same smirk, making Mikaya grin even wider.

It seemed that the duo had developed a kind of twisted respect for each other after committing this intimate deed.

This somewhat charming atmosphere lasted a few minutes, after which the conversation was initiated by Nafia, who said her first words of the whole evening.

In a concerned voice, she voiced, "Lord Alexander, that Kalopi woman is reliable right? She seems to be pretty clever to have guessed where we would be without us telling her."

'Is she though? After all she knew why I came here. And she saw you guys,' Alexander did not share the same concerns as Nafia.

But outwardly he did not shoot down the girl.

Because he could feel that unlike the other two, Nafia was genuinely fearful of the prospect of being found out.

"Lady Nafia seems to be concerned that Kalopi will be smart enough to guess your identities. But rest assured that I will personally see to it that your faces remain unknown to anyone who does not need to know," Alexander solemnly promised, his deep, serious tone soothing Nafia's somewhat frayed nerves.

But in almost antithesis to Nafia's concern, Mikaya appeared like a free bird, only chuckling to her maid and reassuring her, "Hahaha, Nafia you are such a worrywart. Trust me, once you get on the wall and had a few hard poundings, all your worries will go away. Like me!"

After close to two months of abstinence, Mikaya had finally released some of her stress and was in a very good mood as she patted her maid on the shoulder.

Tajia, her younger sister too joined with her mistress, saying, "That's right sister. You always appear demure at first, but quickly turn into a vixen. Let Lord Alexander worry about security. You should only care about having fun."

And then she strongly slapped her older sister on the back as if to encourage her, emulating her mistress.

Convinced by the two silver devils beside her, Nafia calmed down, as she asked, "That..that...Did it feel that good mistress?"

Alexander noticed a very distinct squirming with her legs as Nafia asked, clearly indicating that she had been turned on.

In fact, because Nafia still had a crush on Alexander, and this was the first time she had watched him 'work', it had set her loins on fire.

This was also the main reason why she had bashfully looked away when Tajia pointed to Alexander's weapon.

Nafia had found it to be magnificent.

And for the entire time Alexander had used Mikaya, Nafia had not missed a single of his thrust, burning every movement of his heavenly phallus into her retina.

She had even imagined that it was her instead of her mistress getting railed and it had taken Nafia a herculean effort to hold off on masturbating to the lewd play that had happened right in front of her, a testament to the innate shame she possessed.

A quality that the other two had burned at the stake long ago, and who, if they were in her position would have simply stripped and directly pleased themselves on the floor.

"Hahaha, well you will have to find out," Mikaya only winked a reply, the glee in her voice palpable.

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Mikaya's answer clearly demonstrated that she found the new experience exhilarating.

And thusTajia went ahead to ask her mistress to describe the feelings in detail.

But the usually sleazy Mikaya seemed uncharacteristically tight-lipped about the whole experience, only saying, "It will be best for you to find it out by yourself. It was quite the new experience."

The inability to see, or hear the person behind her was a surprising turn-on for her, and she found the pleasure adequate enough to not miss having a meat stick in her mouth.

Mikaya could not wait to fully experience the pleasure and decided to hide the experience from her maids to better surprise them.

Seeing the out-of-character Mikaya not fuel her fantasies, Tajia instead turned to Alexander and pleaded, "Your Grace, I want to try next. Can I please?", looking at Alexander with puppy dog eyes.

She was just as pent up as Mikaya, and after watching Alexander do the thing, she was really having it hard holding herself back.

The way Tajia looked at Alexander, without the context, many would think she was asking her lover for a new piece of jewelry, and not something so depraved.

And just as Alexander was thinking about how to reject this offer, the room's door creaked open and Ophenia returned slightly out of breath, likely because she had run to complete the task.

This interruption gave Alexander a convenient excuse as he quickly called out, "Tayin, how was it?"

Taking a moment to catch her breath, Ophenia composed herself, and reported, "Good. Captain Hemicus and the men will not disturb you master for the time being."

"Great," Alexander softly smiled for handling this, afterward which he asked, "So where to next?"

"Well there were Lady Mikaya and her maids' quarters and dressing rooms. Also all the pleasure rooms," Ophenia offered options.

And then, as if remembering something, she quickly hopped over to a side and opened a second, almost meshed into the wall door, saying, "Also we have a secret door here. This passage leads to the outside, which was likely an escape route."

Ophenia then elaborated. "But we have modified it so that if she wanted to, Lady Mikaya will be able to enter her 'work room' directly from the outside without ever setting foot into the building. And it can also act as an emergency escape route."

Ophenia had a proud look on her face as she revealed this alternative path, and her master approved, praising her by saying, "Great! This way her carriage can be parked inconspicuously at the mouth of the passage. Mikaya can then get out and enjoy herself. And then leave via the same passage once she was done. This way no one will be none the wiser."

Alexander had always felt that this endeavor of his was much riskier than it was worth it.

And he sometimes kicked himself for trying to do something so dangerous just for the sake of stroking his ego.

But after inspecting the wallbutt room and the various failsafe, he was finally assured that the chances of Mikaya being found out were, though not nil, very very low.

"That will be the best for me too." Mikaya voiced her preference, adding, "Carriages driving into the main gate of such a building always draws eyes. But a lone carriage parked inconspicuously...not so much."

Mikaya too had an incentive to keep everything hidden and this second passage was ideal for that.

"Then I will station the appropriate guards there and make that passage the main entrance for Lady Mikaya and her maids," Ophenia professionally declared.

This was all there was to Mikaya's work place, and so Alexander decided to move on to the site, though not before came Tajia's while.

"My lord, I wanted a turn. Just one will do!" She had not forgotten their conversation a few minutes prior.

And though no one noticed, even Nafia had sent him a momentary whimpering gaze.

"Lady..." But just as Alexander was about to turn her down, Mikaya interjected instead.

"Tajia, be a little patient gal. Since I have eaten him, you and Nafia will get the chance too, hehe." Mikaya seemed to be in a very good mood as she sent a sultry, almost predatory smile at Alexander.

She believed that since Alexander had sipped the poison, he would drink the whole bowl.

"Hahaha, okay, okay. I'm sure sister also cannot wait," Tajia heartily chuckled while sending Nafia a teasing look.

Because even though her older sister had hidden it well, as her sibling, Tajia would smell the heat coming off her.

Alexander did not bother to get into this conversation, leaving the three to their own little world.

Instead he signaled with his eyes for Ophenia to lead them to their next destination as the night was getting older and older.

"Then master let me first show you the first floor. After that we can move to the upper rooms." Ophenia thus proposed, and then led the group into the first floor.

"The outer hall is mainly used for reception, and doubles as a tavern" Ophenia introduced by gesturing at the spacious room decorated with high-quality couches for relaxing over one side and large and small dining tables and chairs on the other side.

She then detailed how this place worked and how people would choose their girls.

"There are two ways for people...men to choose their girls for their night."

"First, they could directly tell the receptionist their preference and budget. In case the receptionist will then ask them to have a sit on the couches and after hearing their request, he judge which girls might be suitable to serve the guest."

"Afterward, he will invite the client can then to one of those private rooms." Ophenia pointed to rows of doors on the right side of the room, while continuing, "where they will be able to inspect the girls and choose one to his liking."

"Or secondly," Ophenia suggested, "they can have a sit and have meals and drink fine wine. All the while our girls will tour the floor, showing off their assets. And if one catches someone's eye, they can book her for a round."

And then finished by saying, "Of course, a customer might also make a demand for a particular girl. In that case, he can skip all the skips and get the girl if she is available. Or be asked to wait for a ceratin amount of time until she is."

As Ophenia concluded detailing how to choose a girl in a brothel, Alexander thought back on the second method.

This more extreme hooter-style duality of food and entertainment was the standard model for many such establishments.

In fact, many restaurants were also like this, as along with food and drinks, they would also offer pleasures like gambling with dice or adult entertainment.

Thus it was a pretty common custom in this time period to go out for a meal with friends, drink, gamble, and make merry and then have a little fun on the bed afterward to 'help with the digestion' before returning home.

After understanding how a brothel operated, Alexander nodded slightly and then asked, "Will seven be enough?"

Because judging by the size of the room he was standing in, just seven might not be enough.

For even conservatively estimated the large hall can easily fit fifty or so men. And possibly triple that.

"Yes, that has come to my notice, master," Ophenia heavily nodded, and then told her concern, "But that was all I could find following your strict requirements. But if I could recruit some more girls that were a ..." Ophenia tried to basically say that she wanted to use slave labor but did not get to finish her request.

For Alexander curtly cut her off with the words, "No, we will do it my way. This brothel is simply a side project of mine. So we will not force girls into this profession."

".....Yes master," Ophenia could only hide her slight unwillingness and obediently nod.

She really wanted to turn this establishment into a huge playground for Alexander, where he could do anything he wanted without the burden of actually having to care for the girls, unlike his wives and concubines.

Alexander could sense Ophenia's acridness and thus to soothe the girl, he proposed, "Okay, okay, don't pout. Although I can't let you use slaves. I will give you my secret recipes. In that way, lots of people will come to dine here, and you will then have the budget to recruit lots of expensive girls."

"Yeah, master is the best," Ophenia cheered while saying to herself, 'I knew master would compensate me if I slightly pouted.'

She had found that Alexander usually loved to spoil his girls.

Finished with this topic, Alexander then inquired, "So how many men will a girl be able to serve per day? And what's the rate?"

This was important information to estimate how many girls he could really need.

"When I was in" Ophenia quickly stopped herself from finishing this sentence in front of Mikaya, and quickly corrected herself after a slight pause, "When I was in my hometown, an experienced girl could have ten to fifteen guys a day!"

This number made Alexander's heart skip a beat in surprise.

Because even at twelve hours of work shift, that came at one about every forty to fifty minutes.

And this included doing the thing, cleaning oneself up, and then starting once again.

'Did they have multiple ones at the same time?' Alexander wondered hearing the extremely high number, not putting the act past the depraved Temple.

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Alexander's number about the time constraint was not actually correct.

This was because he assumed a working period of twelve hours a day.

But in this type of profession, it was quite hard to work for so long and with so many men as one tended to become sore down there after a while.

So, actual estimates of how many men a girl could serve varied wildly.

This depended on a whole host of factors such as a woman's stamina, her demand and popularity, and even on how one counted the act, and the result came at ranging from one to three guys a night, to upwards of twenty.

Though it had to be noted that the higher numbers such as twenty and above were usually achieved by also counting easy acts such as fellatio and handjobs.

While the girls serving one to three men would go all the way.

So when Ophelia said an average of ten to fifteen guys, she meant all kinds of acts.

And this was certainly possible for a skilled worker.

But why did Alexander make such a mistake?

This was because Alexander had never visited a brothel before, neither in this life nor the previous.

And so he envisioned those buying the girls in the brothel doing things similar to how he did it with his girls.

So he subconsciously assumed they would be like him, ejaculating 4 to 6 times and staying in the bed for an hour to two.

This time period was not too uncommon as the average duration of the entire act of intercourse, from the beginning of taking one's clothes off, to foreplay, to the actual act, to finally a bit of cuddling would take around 45 minutes.

But brothels did not work like that.

Here the men were under a time constraint.

This could either be a hard time limit like 30 minutes, in which case the men would usually pounce on the girls immediately and try to do everything that came to his mind as soon as possible to maximize his pleasure.

Or it could be a limit on the number of releases, usually one or two.

And for a skilled worker of the trade, the second method usually did not take long.

Usually ten to fifteen minutes, not counting the premature ejaculators which would take seconds, and the occasional hunks with might take half an hour to very rarely even an entire one.

In this way, though the number reported by Ophenia was certainly high, it was not really absurd, as evidenced by how nonchalant Mikaya appeared hearing this, whose record was almost triple that.

But Alexander did not know these, and so calming down after the initial shock, he reasoned, 'Well, that temple is crazy.'

And then got down to making some calculations using Ophenia's number.

'Hmmm, going by fifteen men a day, the seven girls will be able to serve 105 men a day.' Alexander estimated the maximum capacity for his brothel.

And then calculated his demand, 'But conservatively assuming a new batch of 50 men enters the building every hour from afternoon to late night, or for 8 hours, that's 400 men.'

He thus found his 'supply' was nowhere enough.

But whereas one would increase the number of girls to meet this supply, Alexander decided to actually to do the opposite and decreased it.

"Each girl will serve a maximum of five guys a night," Alexander declared, slashing Ophenia's number by three.

Alexander did this so that his girls would not be overworked like he assumed those in the temple were, while also reasoning that serving only a few customers will not draw too much attention to the business.

Thus he deliberately stunted his growth.

Ophenia heart's slightly bled hearing this as she felt that she could have really made this place into something special, a place to train superb girls who could pleasure her master.

But not only was her supply of girls severely restricted, but even the girls' services were also restrained.

'Sigh' She internally let out an air of dejection.

But what could she do?

It was an order from her master.

And so she complied, "As you order master."

"Good." Alexander slightly nodded, and then finished by saying, "And I will leave their rates up to you."

Girls could go from half a ropal to hundreds of ropals per night depending on their looks, experience, and skills.

And as the range was so vast, Alexander regelated these details to Ophenia who knew the girls much more intimately.

As this conversation came to an end, one person who was surprised by how it went was Mikaya.

She had always assumed that Alexander had made Ophenia the one in charge of this business as a political head or even a showpiece while appointing real, competent people below her who actually did all the work.

But it seemed that that was not the case.

'Hmmm, what's her story?' Mikaya poignantly wondered, particularly finding how Ophenia was able to give that number of how many men a woman could serve intriguing.

That was not something a regular woman would ever know.

'Does she have a history like me?' Mikaya thus could not help but think, though a while later she concluded that the likelihood of such was unlikely given Alexander's preference for in her eyes clean women.

But still, since she could not know for certain, this curiosity made her decide to keep her eyes and ears out for gossip about Ophenia.

These thoughts were unknown to both Ophenia and Alexander, who decided to move on to the next part of the tour, with Ophenia saying, "Well that is all for the first floor. The other things on this floor are the staff kitchen, servant quarters, and the storeroom. Not very interesting." and then suggested, "So let us move to the second."

Thus the group left the spacious first-floor hall and made their way to the second floor, a floor they were on some time ago.

"Mater's already been this way. It's the way to my study and Kalopi's office. There is also the accounts and treasury room and some conference rooms, " Ophenia introduced by flipping her palms to the right.

It seemed this wing of the building was the administrative part, housing all the official documents and most importantly the money.

And then Ophenia rotated to the left, and detailed, "And over there is where the girls work," suggesting, "Would master like to inspect the rooms?"

As Alexander had already seen the right wing, he felt he should see the left too, and see how his clients would be served.

And thus nodded, "Sure."

"Then please follow me," Ophenia happily gestured and then proceeded to open several doors of the wing to let Alexander inspect the interior furnishings.

Being a marquis's room, Alexander naturally found them to be more than adequate, lavishly decorated with thick carpets, beautiful mosaics, large, soft, velvety bedding, luxurious couches, and tables adorned with fruits and wine, topped of with floral decorations in exquisite vases that made each room smell like a perfumed garden.

"Because we know master would come to visit, we decorated these rooms like they would be if they were being used," Ophenia explained why there was also food in the rooms even though the brothel was yet to open.

"I'm impressed." Alexander praised this thoughtful act, before asking, "I presume these were all previously bedrooms."

"Yes," Ophenia answered affirmatively.

This was all that was there to the left wing of the second floor, just rows and rows of empty rooms ready to fulfill lustful men.

"Then let us head up. That's the most interesting floor," Ophenia had a strange twinkle in her eyes as she suggested this, causing Alexander to murmur, 'I hope she has not done anything crazy.'

As the group ascended, Ophenia described their route, "There were three staircases up each floor, one main stair in the center which the clients will use, and two secondary ones, one on the left and right which will be used by us."

The group reached the third wing via its left-wing stair, whereupon Ophenia the dedicated tour guide, then introduced the floor, "This part is mainly the girls' private quarters. They eat, sleep, and dress here."

"Where do they bathe?" Alexander suddenly interjected, noticing that word was missing.

He dreaded to think what the girls would smell like after a day's 'hard work'.

"Ahh, I forgot to mention. There is a hot bathing shed downstairs. I will take master there once we are done here." Ophenia's quick reply relieved Alexander.

The reason why it was situated downstairs was self-evident.

Because without a machine to pump water up, getting bath water three stories up would have been a herculean effort.

"That's good. And make sure the girls take a bath every time they sleep with a customer," Alexander gave the reasonable instruction.

An instruction that Mikaya had much disdain for as she silently made a face.

For her, few things beat smelling like sperm and having a thin crust of it on her skin.

'Heh, cherry boy,' She sneered at Alexander for being disgusted by such a 'normal' thing, feeling he had seen nothing of how depraved some of the nobility of Adhnaia were.

"I will do as you ask," Ophenia accepted and then continued with her explanation while leading the group, saying, "This floor is primarily used for living."

"The girls live on the left, while I and Kalopi have our own personal quarters on the right. Lady Mikaya and her attendants also have their private room in that wing and most importantly of all, master's room is situated there."